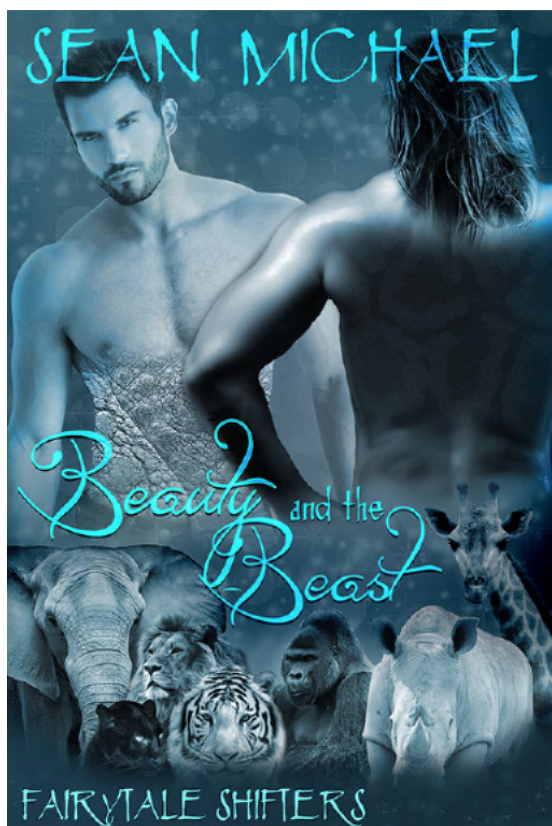


SEAN MICHAEL

Beauty and the Beast

FAIRYTALE SHIFTERS



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Fairytale Shifters: Beauty and the Beast
by Sean Michael

Tromp got his beer at the bar and made his way over to the table in the corner where he usually sat. It was an out of the way booth and afforded him a good view of the rest of the place. His thick bottle-cap glasses improved his poor vision enough that from here he could watch the pretty people hooking up—the slinky twinks finding each other or handsome older men to dance and laugh with. He was a bit too lumbering for dancing. Too clumsy and grumpy for easy pickups, too. In short, he didn't really belong. Hence the

out of the way table.

The music was loud and thumping, vibrating up from the floor, and his beer was cold. It was all he really needed after a long week of walking around the three warehouses he worked security on. He'd stay and watch for a while, then head home to the peace and quiet of his little cottage just outside the city.

Someone came out onto the tiny stage, one of the performers who danced in stretch jeans and open-front shirts. This guy had waist-length black hair, golden skin, and sharp features.

Tromp watched, utterly fascinated. He usually didn't do more than admire the beauties who were out of his league, but there was something about this guy, something slinky and sexual that made him want in the best way. Or worst way, given that he never had a chance with the beautiful ones. Still, he could look his fill, couldn't he? After all, that's what the dancers were all about—looking but not touching.

The lean beauty spun around the pole, the action natural and easy. Tromp felt his body harden, and he shifted to make room for his growing prick. He'd have to stay where he was until his cock went down, which wasn't going to happen as long as that particular dancer was up on the stage. So he settled in, gaze fastened on the sexy movements. Everything seemed less choreographed and more like breathing with this man, as if it was hardwired in at a cellular level.

Tromp sucked on his beer bottle, not really noticing that he'd finished it, just going with his instincts. At least he didn't start humping the table, though God knew it was a close thing. Maybe too close, and he found himself staring, willing the pretty one to come to him. He wanted this one in a way he'd never wanted anyone before. It built inside him, like a wanton moan that would soon need out.

What was wrong with him?

He was a beast—rare, sure, but not in a sexy, slinky, fun way. No, he was lumbering and big, heavy, and clumsy. Slinky pretty men did not want men like him, and all his mooning about was only going to earn him disappointment. Still, it seemed as if the dancer's bright gaze landed on him over and over. It made him want to beat his chest and show himself off. He wanted to rub his horn against the lovely body.

"Another beer?" The voice intruded into the lust-fueled wishes he entertained.

Frowning, he tore his gaze away and looked at the server, also slinky and sexy, but not like the dancer, not at all. “What?”

“Beer. Do you want another one?” The lad spoke slowly, carefully, like he was speaking to an idiot. Tromp supposed he was acting like one.

“Yes.” It would give him an excuse to stay longer. He remember his manners at the last moment and added, “Please.”

“Cool.”

Go away, little guy. Move so I can watch.

The waiter finally did move on to the next table, and Tromp’s gaze went immediately back to the stage.

Oh. The pretty one was gone. No fair. He’d wanted to watch and fantasize a little longer. Just his luck. He’d drink his second beer quickly and go home. He sighed deeply; he didn’t belong with all the pretty people anyway.

The touch along his arm shocked him, the caress sliding up, totally unafraid. He swung his head around, his surprise increasing when he realized it was the beautiful slinky dancer. Of course, the movement knocked his beer bottle over. At least it was empty so there wasn’t any spillage, just the noise of it skittering across the table before falling to the ground and shattering into who knew how many pieces.

So smooth. That was him. He felt his cheeks heating—he’d wanted to impress this one so very much, or at least not make a spectacle of himself.

A soft, low chuckle sounded. “Oops.” Then there was a hot little man in his lap.

In. His. Lap.

He stared. Turned-on. Shocked. Amazed. And he wrapped his arms around the slender body automatically. “I. Yes. I didn’t. It broke.” Yep. Still Mr. Smooth. He was never going to be able to show his face in the place again.

His lap guest didn’t seem in the least put out, though. “It did. Silly bottle. Will you share the next one with me?”

“Yeah, I will.” Surprised at the request or not, he had another one coming, after all, and he wasn’t about to say no to this pretty slinky man. Only a fool would do that, and Tromp might be many things, but a fool wasn’t one of them.

“Thank you.” One cheek slid against his, the touch featherlight.

Tromp’s cock went rock-hard at the touch, and there was no way that this sexy one couldn’t feel it, didn’t know. Hopefully it was what he wanted. It

had to be, right? After all, the guy was in his lap.

A soft purr sounded. Oh. A feline. That explained the cheek rubbing. How lovely. He slid his hands slowly up and down along the kitty's back, eager for more of those purring noises.

"Mmm. Firm touch. What a kit needs."

Tromp still couldn't quite believe this slinky kitty had picked him, but he was going to go with it. "I'm Tromp." Because he wasn't the kind of dude who slept with people whose names he didn't know.

"Tromp. I love it. I'm Pepper. Silly, I know. My father has a sense of humor."

He thought it was cute rather than silly. "Do you have a brother named Salt?" he couldn't help but ask.

"Sister. She's albino."

Tromp chuckled. He hadn't thought the answer to that would be yes. "And you're all black, then? A... panther?" They were the sexiest of the big cats. No wonder Pepper was so lovely and slinky.

"I am." Pepper tilted his head. "And you're not a predator, you smell like green things. I like it."

"Yeah? Most guys like you are looking for a predator. I'm a rhino." Big, lumbering, still dangerous, but not in a sexy way. Not in a predatory way. More by accident of size.

"Mmm. Big horn." Pepper reached up and stroked the bridge of his nose, his forehead. "Hard. I like those words."

And Tromp liked Pepper. He nuzzled against Pepper's hand, the touches to where his horn would be in his other form making him practically drool. Pepper could do that any time he wanted to.

Tromp squeezed Pepper's ass. "Do you want to share more than just my beer?" Maybe this was just a flirtation to Pepper, a lark, but it didn't hurt to ask.

"Mmm. I do." Pepper took the bottle when the little waiter brought it, growling softly, the sound a clear warning to the waiter. "No looking now. This one's mine." Then those red lips wrapped around the mouth of the bottle and sucked.

It was all Tromp could do to keep from roaring at the sight. As it was, his hips bucked, pressing his hardness against Pepper's ass. Pepper pushed right back, seeming totally unafraid, eager even. Tromp groaned and leaned in,

licked Pepper's lower lip. He tasted the hops there and something else, something exciting. Something new and wonderful.

"We could finish the beer quickly," he suggested before Pepper found someone he liked better.

"Are you so ready to be rid of me?"

"Oh. You said you wanted to share more than just beer..." Clearly that didn't mean the same thing to Pepper that it did to him. Not surprising that he'd missed the social cues. "I want to take you home." There. That couldn't be misinterpreted, right?

"Oh. Oh, yes please." Pepper finished the beer with several hard swallows. "Yes, Tromp."

It made him smile to see Pepper eager enough to come with him that Pepper drank his beer all by himself instead of sharing it. He wasn't complaining. He'd only ordered it for an excuse to stay longer and now he didn't need to stay longer, he had the beautiful dancer on his lap, agreeing to come home with him.

"Ready to go?" Tromp asked when the empty bottle was handed to him.

"I am. I have all my things." Pepper waved a cell phone.

"Do you need to tell anyone where you are?" Tromp didn't take many people home and he wanted Pepper to feel comfortable. Safe. That was important.

"I can take care of myself. I'm pointy." Pepper made claws with his hands, and his wink made Tromp blush.

He stood, and it wasn't until he was upright that he realized he still had Pepper's ass in his hands, the slender body pressed up against him. "Oops."

"Strong. I love that," Pepper told him, cuddling against him instead of working to get down.

Tromp could feel the proof of Pepper's like against his belly. "Thank you." He smiled at Pepper, the slinky kitty making him feel ten feet tall.

"Take me home and turn me inside out." The demand was clear.

"Okay." He tried to put Pepper down, but the kitty clung to him, legs wrapping around his waist, so he shrugged and carried Pepper out of the club and toward his Jeep. It wasn't as if Pepper was any kind of burden.

Pepper's laugh as he walked out of the club didn't sound mocking in the least. Instead it was warm, happy. It made Tromp smile, and this one went all the way inside him.

“Oi! What are you doing with my boy?” The deep voice was totally Australian and rough, harsh.

Tromp whirled at the sound, and Pepper stiffened, shook his head. “I’m not. I’m not his. It’s a lie.”

Tromp turned back around at Pepper’s words and kept moving to his Jeep, steadfastly ignoring the man following him. He wanted to fuck, he didn’t want to fight. He didn’t want to steal someone else’s lover, either, didn’t want to be in the middle of a lover’s quarrel. “Promise?”

Pepper nodded. “I promise.”

“Okay.” He put Pepper down next to the Jeep and handed him the keys. Then he turned toward the new guy, whose beady black eyes were shining. “He says he’s not yours.”

The guy had a scarred face and offered him a brutal-looking toothy grin. “He’s a whore, mate, and I own him. I’ve owned his skanky ass for years.”

“No. Not anymore. I haven’t been in the business for three years,” Pepper insisted.

Tromp frowned. He didn’t like the look of this guy at all, and people owning shifters smacked too much of zoos for his peace of mind. And if the only reason Pepper had chosen him was to get away from this guy, well that was okay with Tromp—he wasn’t letting anyone hurt the slinky Pepper.

“Why don’t you just leave before someone gets hurt?” Tromp suggested, planting his feet solidly.

“You’re going to be the one who gets hurt, bud.” Was that a hiss? Really?

“Please, Tromp. Please ignore him.” Pepper sounded desperate, worried.

Tromp thought about it for a moment, then nodded. He could ignore this guy. He turned his back and opened the Jeep door—growling a little at Pepper. “I thought I said to get in the Jeep?”

“Yes. Sorry. I was worried about you. He’s a crocodile. Lots of teeth.” The fabric of the open shirt was parted, a huge bite scar evident. “Tons.”

“Oh. Ouch.” Tromp touched the scar gently. “That looks like it hurt.”

“Yes. I’m not with him and no one owns me. I can’t make him not wait for me outside the club, but he doesn’t have a claim to me.” Pepper looked so sure.

“Okay. You can’t own people.” Tromp put a hand on Pepper’s knee and squeezed before he started the Jeep. “If you want me to take you home instead of to my place, that would be fine.”

“Do you not want me still?” The beautiful eyes were shuttered, sad.

“Of course I do—you’re amazing. Slinky and sexy and I... I’m not. It’s okay if you just wanted to be safe leaving the club. I’d understand and I wouldn’t be mad.” Disappointed for sure, but he didn’t want Pepper to think he was anything like that croc.

“It made me hard, the way you looked at me, watched me. I felt wanted.”

“Doesn’t everyone look at you like that?” He’d wanted Pepper from the moment the man had stepped onto the stage.

“No. Most men look at me like meat.”

“Oh.” He pulled out into the street and turned toward his place. It made him smile. “I don’t want to eat you, I promise.”

“No,” Pepper agreed. “I want to taste you, but no teeth.”

“I’m a vegetarian, Pepper.” It came with the territory. Some of his kind could make the jump to eating meat in their human form, but Tromp had never developed a taste for it.

“Is that your way of saying you don’t suck?” Pepper asked.

“What? No—it’s my way of saying I won’t eat you so you don’t have to worry about my teeth. You said people looked at you like you were meat...” He thought he’d lost the plot somewhere in their conversation.

“Honey, please. Relax. I’m not a pro anymore. I just want to touch you, have you touch me. Maybe dance a little bit, you know?”

“I don’t really dance, but the rest sounds good.” He turned on to his road, his cottage at the very end of it. “As you might have guessed, I’m not very good at this.”

“And I’m way too practiced. I just... Sometimes you want someone because you just want them.”

It made him feel good that Pepper wanted him. “I want you too.” He pulled into the garage of his small house just outside of town. He had a huge backyard, big enough for him to shift and rumble around in and it backed on to woods.

“Then we’ll manage,” Pepper said softly.

Tromp hadn’t expected Pepper to be... hesitant. Maybe just because Pepper was sexy and slinky, didn’t mean he had all the answers.

Tromp got out and went around to the passenger side of his Jeep, opening the door for Pepper. He held his hand out to help the lovely man down. Pepper slipped from the Jeep and pressed against him, kissing his cheek.

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. Come on in. It’s not big, but its mine.” Taking Pepper’s hand, he led the way in. The place was all done in greens, making it feel like it was outside, and it was open concept so it was all one big area, which improved the illusion. His bedroom was in back with double glass doors that opened into the verdant yard.

Pepper hummed. “Oh. Lovely.”

He nodded; his home was lovely, comfortable, and his, but when he looked over, Pepper was staring at him. He swallowed and took the bull by the horns. So to speak.

Bending, he pressed his mouth against Pepper’s, the touch of their lips together zinging through him, making him gasp. He might not want to dance, but he definitely wanted to touch.

He put his hands on Pepper’s waist and kept pressing their lips together. One kiss flowed into the next and it felt really good, made his whole body hard. Pepper traced his chest with surprisingly large hands, appreciative sounds pushing into his lips. Groaning, he opened his mouth and slid his tongue along Pepper’s lips. Pepper tasted like beer and something else, something wild. Pepper’s tongue was the barest bit rough.

He hadn’t expected that, but it made sense and it was hot. He wondered what it would feel like on his cock. Groaning, he pulled Pepper closer. Pepper cuddled in, going all slinky pussycat. He walked backward, not asking if Pepper wanted a coffee or anything. They were going to make love because that’s what they were both here for.

They could try coffee later. Much later.

His big couch hit the backs of his thighs and he sat on the cushions, legs spreading to accommodate Pepper. The whole time he never stopped kissing. He couldn’t remember the last time he’d gotten so lost in kisses.

Pepper moved against him, the motion constant, steady, new. He liked it, and he slid his hand down to Pepper’s ass, pulling Pepper in closer so the movements brought their groins together.

“Mmm. You’re big.” Pepper’s eyes crinkled at the corners. “A beast.”

He nodded, he was. For most people it was too much; he was scary, ungainly, but Pepper seemed to revel in his beastliness. “You’re not. You’re lovely and slinky.”

“I try to be.” Pepper arched back, grinding their pricks together.

His cock went immediately from merely interested to rock hard, and he gasped, reaching to make sure Pepper didn't overbalance and fall. He slid the fingers of one hand to Pepper's ass, stroking the firm globes. The taut muscles jerked and rolled, fascinating his fingers.

He wanted to feel Pepper's skin under his fingertips, so he tugged out the silky shirt and worked his fingers into Pepper's tight pants. Or at least he tried to, but they were tight and his hands were big and strong and the sound of material tearing was huge. Oh fuck.

"Oops?" he tried.

Pepper blinked and stared at him a second, then began to giggle. He took a breath and chuckled, pleased that Pepper wasn't upset. And he had his hands on Pepper's skin. No underwear. He liked Pepper's style.

Squeezing, he dug his fingers into Pepper's ass.

"I don't break so easy, gorgeous beast," Pepper told him.

"I'll try to remember that, as long as you promise to tell me if anything is too much."

At Pepper's nod, Tromp lay back, bringing Pepper down on top of him. He took kiss after kiss, his hands kneading the sweet flesh he held. It felt so wonderful, having the slender body wriggling on top of him.

"You're solid as a rock, and I want to explore every inch."

Tromp nodded, totally down with that plan. "Please." He wanted to take Pepper's shirt off; nice as the silk was, skin was nicer, but he didn't want to rip the pretty thing the way he had Pepper's jeans.

Pepper unfastened his shirt, one careful button at a time. Tromp groaned at how slowly it was going, then licked his lips. He wanted to touch and taste every inch of Pepper's skin. Not only that, but he wanted Pepper to do the same for him.

He moaned and squeezed Pepper's ass, his cock so hard it was pushing painfully at his zipper.

"Mmm. A guy could melt for your hands, honey."

"Your skin begs for them." He ran one up along Pepper's spine beneath the shirt, pushing it up. Pepper's spine was bony beneath his fingertips.

Pepper began to strip them faster, hands dragging over Tromp's skin. Moaning, he bucked up against Pepper, dragging his covered cock along Pepper's body. He nearly said a prayer of relief when Pepper got his zipper undone and his cock pushed out like a giant horn.

“Oh... Look at you.” Pepper moaned, the sound utterly starving.

The admiration in Pepper’s voice made him preen. It wasn’t often that he was looked at the way Pepper was looking. “I’m all yours,” he offered. Every bit of him ached for Pepper’s touch.

“It’s a wealth of riches.” Pepper reached for him, unafraid, unashamed.

“You’re amazing.” Tromp had never had a lover who made him feel special the way Pepper did. He wanted to make Pepper feel the same way—special, enjoyed, appreciated, and admired, so he ran his hands from Pepper’s ass to his shoulders, fingers sliding on the amazing warm and smooth skin. The scar where the croc had bitten Pepper was a huge contrast, but it felt neat beneath his fingertips and he explored it.

Pepper’s eyelids lowered, but only for a moment, and then Pepper’s gaze fastened on his cock again.

“Do you want to suck me?” Tromp asked, then held his breath. No one ever did. They said he was too big to take even the head in, that he had a ‘monster’ cock, and not in the good way.

“Goddess, yes. More than I want my next breath.”

Tromp wanted to keep Pepper, very badly. He would be more than happy with the evening he was getting, though. He wouldn’t be greedy. Swallowing, he touched Pepper’s cheek. “Please. It’s all yours.”

Pepper slid down his legs, the move slow and slinky, delicious. He loved the glide of Pepper’s skin against his own. It felt like warm silk. Anticipation filled him. Pepper chuckled, lapping his belly on the way down to his prick. He shuddered, his whole body reacting to the lick.

“More.” He whispered the word, wanting so badly.

“Yes.” Pepper’s hiss buzzed around his prick, making his mouth dry.

He cried out when more than just words and air touched his cock, Pepper’s lips soft and hot, making his entire body go tight.

First Pepper traced his shaft, tongue trailing from base to tip, then the touch circled the top. His hands dropped to Pepper’s hair, and he carded his fingers through the silky strands. Pepper’s fingers spread against his thighs, spreading him so that Pepper could push between them and wrap his lips around Tromp’s prick.

Raising his knees, he cradled his beautiful lover between them. His eyes wanted to close, but he wouldn’t let them, needing to see Pepper’s lips around his flesh. He wanted to know what Pepper’s hot lips looked like as he

felt them around his cock.

Pepper took the whole head in and it made him shudder, having that wet heat around him. As Pepper's lips came up again, his cockhead shone, and he groaned, hands tightening briefly in Pepper's hair.

"You taste fresh." Pepper groaned and leaned back down to it.

He wasn't sure what that meant, but it seemed to make Pepper happy, so he wasn't going to worry about it. Besides, how could he worry about anything when Pepper's mouth was on his erection?

Pepper moaned low, pulling at him with careful, slow sucks, the rhythm making his eyes cross. Every few sucks, Pepper would work his lips down more of Tromp's cock. Tromp didn't think anyone had ever tried to take so much, and it felt incredible.

His head fell back as Pepper swallowed, mouth squeezing around him. His breath huffed out of him. "Pepper! Oh!"

Pepper's answering hum made his thighs jerk and tighten. And his balls drew up against his body. He was a lot closer than he'd thought, and he tried to think of things that would slow everything down. He wasn't ready for this to be over yet.

"Please. I want it to last," he moaned, and Pepper eased up, relaxed the pressure. That backed him off from the edge just enough that he could enjoy every touch of Pepper's mouth, of Pepper's clever tongue as it moved over him.

Pepper kept purring, the sounds vibrating around his cock, and down his shaft. He'd never felt anything like it. He'd never dreamed of anything like it. He wanted it to go on forever.

"Pepper... Oh. The best..." He couldn't finish any of his thoughts. It didn't seem to matter, Pepper wasn't stopping.

His hips began to slide, pushing up into Pepper's mouth, sending his cock even deeper between the tight lips. Inch by inch, Tromp sank in. He thought Pepper was going to stop him, was going to pull away, but Pepper never did, taking him in and in. Warm fingers dug into his thighs, pressing deep.

"Pepper." The name came out twisted, strangled.

Pepper hummed softly, vibrating him. His balls drew up tight, his whole body shuddering at that. "Pepper. Oh."

He felt flushed with heat, his entire body flooded with it.

"I'm going to..." His warning trailed off, his voice lost in the pleasure that

Pepper was giving him. Soon. It would be soon.

His balls were rolled, pushed up close to his body. He cried out, everything going tight as he came, his spunk shooting down Pepper's throat. Pepper groaned and swallowed, pulling over and over, drinking him down and stealing his good sense. He tossed his head back and forth, roaring groans coming out of him, sounding over and over.

"Pepper..." He couldn't make the words come out to tell Pepper how good he felt, how wonderful it was to have been given a blow job.

Pepper didn't answer; he only licked and lapped at Tromp's cock, cleaning it. Such care and wonderful sensations had never been his, Pepper the first one to offer them both to him.

Lucky. He was so lucky to be wanted by this lovely, slinky man.

Pepper climbed back up into his lap, erect and needy. He slid his hand around Pepper's cock. "What do you want, pretty kitty?"

"Touch me. God, please. You have the best hands."

"They're big." Like the rest of him. He tightened his hold on the erect shaft and began to stroke. "Do you like it smooth or do you like it rough?"

"Rough. I like to feel it everywhere."

He growled softly; he did rough better. Tightening his hand, he yanked at Pepper's cock. Gasping, Pepper rolled his head back on his shoulders, lips parted and hungry. Tromp brought their mouths together, kissing Pepper eagerly as he rubbed his thumb across Pepper's cockhead. The sound that pushed into his lips was wild, like an echo in the jungle. He thought maybe he was in love with that sound and he knew he wanted to hear it again and again.

He pressed his finger into Pepper's slit, rolled around it. Pepper humped up, riding his touch and demanding more. He gave it, stroking Pepper's cock and rubbing the sensitive head again and again and biting at Pepper's sweet, swollen lips.

That earned him another cry and then the slinky beauty was coming, shooting against his belly. The scent of Pepper's spunk was intoxicating, and Tromp ran his hand through Pepper's come before sucking it off his fingers. Salty, sweet, and spicy at the same time, Pepper tasted even better than he smelled. And he smelled pretty damn good.

Pepper purred softly, still undulating in his lap.

"Going to keep me hard." Because he hadn't gone down after Pepper's

blow job, had he? No, not at all, and all this wriggly kitty action was revving him back up again.

“That can’t be bad, right?”

“No, not bad at all. It’s wonderful. Like you.” Would his surprising new lover also be as eager to feel his girth inside? He’d only know if he asked.

“Do you like... I want to be inside you.”

“Oh hell yes.” Those gorgeous green eyes just sparkled at him.

Tromp rubbed his forehead against Pepper’s, stimulating the nerves where his horn would be. “You’re a treasure, Pepper.” How had he gotten so lucky?

“I want to fly. I think you can make me.”

He wasn’t a beast of the air, but he would do his best. Taking Pepper’s lips, he kissed his beautiful kitty. “I have lube.” He would use a lot of it. A ton so he didn’t hurt Pepper.

“Do you have a bed?” Pepper asked.

Standing, he brought Pepper up with him and walked to his bedroom. Pepper was light and easy to carry, easy enough he took kisses as well, losing himself in Pepper’s mouth. So much so that he walked them right into the wall.

Pepper began to chuckle, the sound tickling his lips.

“Skies above, I’m sorry. Are you okay?” He was such a klutz, the most graceless beast of them all.

“It takes more than a wall to hurt me.”

Every moment he spent with Pepper, Tromp liked the slinky kitty better. No one had ever gone out of their way to make him feel wanted and special like Pepper did.

He nearly tripped over the chair in his bedroom before he made it to the bed, but they didn’t wind up on the ground, so he counted it as a win. He laid Pepper on his bed and gazed down, groaning at the beautiful sight. Pepper wriggled on his blanket, purring softly and sliding back and forth. He’d never seen anyone so sensual and lovely.

Grabbing the lube, he squeezed a bunch out onto his fingers before sitting between Pepper’s legs and stroking the sweet little hole. Pepper grabbed his legs, pushed them up, exposing himself. The offer was clear and Tromp pressed his fingers against Pepper’s little hole, watching as Pepper’s skin stretched around his thick digit. Look at that. That made him groan, as did watching Pepper dance, undulate on his touch.

Clearly not hurting, Pepper was obviously enjoying himself, enjoying this. Tromp pushed his finger in deeper, sliding in and out, Pepper moving with him.

“Another finger, Tromp. Please.” Pepper begged so prettily.

Tromp was eager to comply, too. He put more lube on his fingers and worked the second one in. Pepper was so tight around him. And hot. It was going to be amazing around his cock—even better than Pepper’s mouth had.

He watched as Pepper rode his fingers, lips parted and eyes hooded. He pressed in a third finger without prompting, amazed that tiny hole could stretch so wide. His cock would stretch it even farther. Just thinking about it made him moan.

“You’re going to feel me everywhere.” He felt a little like a god, like he was soaring. He didn’t want it to end, but at the same time, he wanted more. He wanted to feel Pepper’s tight body taking him in.

“My cock now?” It was half-question, half-warning as he pulled his fingers away and began to slick up his cock. Pepper looked much closer to eager than worried.

Tromp moved closer, resting the thick head of his ample cock against that tiny hole. “Okay?” *Please*, he thought. *Please let it be okay.*

“Okay. Now.” Pepper was a demanding lover. A wonderful demanding lover.

He liked that Pepper knew what he wanted, he liked even more that that was him. And yeah, okay. Now.

He looked down, his cock seeming so unbelievably huge next to Pepper’s tiny little hole. Holding his breath, he started to push. Pepper panted, body rippling visibly. Tromp froze for a moment, then began pushing again. When his cockhead breached Pepper’s hole, it made him gasp. So tight. So hot.

“More.” Pepper’s toes curled, his leg muscles flexing. “I want every inch.”

“You’re something else. Something special.” Tromp continued pushing, filling Pepper inch by inch until he was all the way in. His own eyes were wide, his cock held as it had never been before.

Pepper panted for him, soft cries on the air. He shifted, moving his cock in a circle inside Pepper’s body. Pepper held him tight, keeping him inside.

“Pepper. Oh. Sweet. Hot.” Tromp groaned and began pulling out, only moving an inch or so out before pushing in again. In where he wanted to be, where he was.

“Yes.” Pepper reached for him, wrapped long legs around him, and pulled him in even deeper.

It made him grunt, and he nodded. He pulled out a few inches and punched back in again. He kept his eyes open, needing to be sure he wasn’t hurting his amazing lover.

“So full.” Pepper’s green eyes glowed, gleamed for him.

“Full of me.” And still Pepper wanted it, wanted him. Wanted more.

Moaning deep in his chest, he found a rhythm, hips pumping in an age-old rhythm that he knew instinctively. Pepper groaned, meeting him, matching him, driving up against him. They were both soon panting as they rocked together, bodies slamming, the sounds they made coming together incredibly sexual. For a moment, Tromp could see the panther, smell the wet green of the jungle.

Intoxicating. Pepper was utterly intoxicating. Tromp moved faster, the tight heat around him perfect.

“Close. Close again,” he warned.

Tromp wrapped his hand around Pepper’s cock, the heat wonderful against his palm. The movement of his body rocking against Pepper’s sent the hot cock through the tunnel of his hand. He could feel each touch in the shivers around his prick.

“Come for me, Pepper. I want to feel you coming on my cock.” He knew it was going to be so hot, so good, to feel this slinky man coming because of him.

Pepper’s eyes went wide and the pretty kitty howled. Oh, that sound. Tromp felt it in his balls, in his skin. Even in the end of his hair. A shudder moved through him, and when Pepper’s cock spurted, come spraying over his hand, Tromp came too, shooting deep inside Pepper.

His heart pounded and he held on, as shaken as if he’d charged at someone.

“Thank you,” he whispered, his breath coming out in gasps.

“Uh-huh. You. You, too. Tell me we can do it again, soon.”

“You want to?” Tromp smiled and nodded. “I do too. You make me so horny.” He bit his bottom lip, having a hard time keeping a straight face, though the pun hadn’t occurred to him until the words were already out of his mouth.

Pepper gave him a long, slow look, then they both started laughing, the sound near hysterical. His flesh softened as they laughed, and his cock

slipped out of Pepper's body, making him groan. It wasn't the end, though. Pepper wanted to do it again and, he hoped, wanted to stay to nap, maybe to share a meal.

"Stay?" he asked, trying not to show just how much he wanted Pepper to say yes.

"Please. I'd love to. You're not worried about my... reputation?"

"I don't know your reputation. I'm... not very popular. Are you sure you don't mind being with a beast like me?" He was lumbering and clumsy and turned into a rhinoceros. Most people thought that was a huge turnoff.

But not Pepper, it seemed. "I find the way you see me fascinating and I want to know more. Please."

What had he done to deserve this lovely, slinky beast?

Speaking of beasts. "Would you...? Did you...?" He took a breath and got it out in a rush. "Did you want to see me in my true form?"

"Oh, by the goddess! Yes! Yes, can you here? Is this a safe place for you? Can I shift too?"

Pepper's pure, easy excitement made Tromp feel... beautiful.

He nodded, warmth filling him. Getting up, he went into the main room and made sure the front door was locked, then went and stood in the middle of the room. "Stay there, I take up a lot of room."

He closed his eyes and imagined that he could feel his horn, let himself get heavy, big. The shift was slow, but fairly easy, and it was painless. When he felt his true weight, he knew he was done. Snorting, he shook his head and stomped one of his feet. Then he found Pepper's unfocused form, watching his reaction as closely as he could.

Pepper laughed, the sound merry. "Oh, you're amazing. Can I come closer? Do you mind? I want to touch."

He nodded his head. Yes, yes. He wanted Pepper to touch him, to appreciate him in this form in all ways. He was nearly trembling from it and he tried to stay very still so he didn't accidentally hurt Pepper—he'd be devastated if he punctured Pepper even a little with his horn.

Pepper came right to him, making happy sounds, hands sliding over his armor, his horn. "You're so warm! It's amazing!"

Pepper's touches were incredible, the fact that he was unafraid even better. Tromp shifted his head, pushing into the touches. He wanted to stomp and roar when Pepper focused on his horn.

“Mmm. Sweet Tromp. You’re amazing.”

He rubbed his great big head against Pepper, so pleased that Pepper liked him as his true self. He honked and snorted, voicing his pleasure and asking for more. He knew his rhino voice was at odds with his size, but it was how it was and he hoped Pepper wouldn’t laugh as so many did.

“Yes, Tromp. You’re lovely. So strong with such gorgeous ears.”

He twitched them at Pepper, so pleased. He honked again. He wanted to see Pepper’s other self. He wanted to see if they could be together like this as well. As if Pepper understood, the cat slowly, carefully appeared.

Tromp didn’t have the best sight in the world, but he could see the sleek, dark shape. Pepper stood out in the green of his living room, letting him see. Then Pepper came close, rubbing against his jaw. So soft and warm, Pepper felt good against his thick skin. He made more noises, hoping Pepper understood how pleased he was.

He moved toward his nest in the corner where he slept in this form. He moved slowly, vocalizing a lot to warn Pepper. The soft cat following, rumbling happily. Bending his knees, he fell gracelessly to the ground. Lying on his side, he bent his legs, giving Pepper a spot against his belly to curl against. Pepper leaned against him, sighing softly, stretching.

Oh, so soft and warm. And when the low purrs began, the sound rumbled against his belly, making him feel good. He made a noise or two, telling Pepper how good it was. Good enough to nap. Would Pepper nap with him?

Pepper scooted around, then settled, draped heavily over his front paws. He rumbled gently, so pleased. Laying his heavy head on the ground, he closed his eyes. He could feel the softness of Pepper’s fur, and he could feel each breath that Pepper took in the rise and fall of his chest.

It was good. It felt like the sun and green grass and family, with a hint of something dangerous.

He liked it. A lot. He just hoped he got to keep it.

Pepper woke with a yawn, the solidness behind him speaking of strength. Soon he’d have to move on. He was a former whore, a current go-go dancer. Not a solid bet.

Still. He liked waking up warm.

Tromp groaned and stretched, then wrapped around him again, making a happy-sounding hum.

“Mmm. Good morning.” He thought it was morning.

“It is, isn’t it?” Tromp’s voice was thick from sleep and it made him shiver, which earned him a big, warm hand sweeping along his side. He purred, tossing his head and letting his hair fall over his shoulder.

“You’re even sexier by daylight, Pep. You’re like... times ten.”

“Yeah?” He liked hearing that. A lot. It made him feel like Tromp was really seeing *him*.

“Yeah. And it sure is nice waking up with you.” Tromp hugged him tight, pulling him against the hard, muscled body.

Gods, Tromp was huge, made a kitty feel safe.

He leaned in, nuzzling hard, making sure Tromp felt it.

Rumbling for him, Tromp stroked his belly. “You make me need like no one ever has.”

“You have the best touch.” Hard and firm, thick and luscious. Pepper was already addicted.

“I could touch you for hours,” Tromp admitted.

Pepper could live with that. It felt so good, having someone care about his pleasure, too.

Tromp buried his face in Pepper’s neck and licked and nuzzled him, hand continuing to move over him. All he could do was arch and moan, feeling like nothing more than a ball of pleasure.

He could feel Tromp’s enormous cock, full and hot and heavy against his ass. When he wriggled back, Tromp moaned for him. Pepper ached, but it was a good feeling, a delicious one, and he wanted to be filled again.

“Did you mean it last night?” Tromp asked. “That you wanted to do it again?” Tromp began to rock against him.

“I even mean it this morning.” He was a slut; he could admit it.

Tromp stilled for a moment, then laughed, breath hot as it tickled his throat. “Good.”

Rolling him, Tromp pressed him into the nest of pillows and covers, lips finding his. He opened up, his entire body arching up to meet Tromp’s.

Tromp kissed him eagerly, and Pepper really felt like it was *him* Tromp kissed, not just any convenient body. The kisses were deep and all-encompassing, stealing his breath away. Pepper had a hard time believing this wonderful man wasn’t taken, being fought over, sought after. He’d take Tromp, though. As long as he could.

Tromp slid a hand along his body, then reached past him and gave him a tube of slick. "I want to watch you touch yourself inside for me."

Pepper moaned, his entire body shuddering with the image. "Yes, lovely. Yes, of course."

Tromp helped him, spreading the lube on his fingers. "So delicate." Tromp held their hands together, palm to palm. Tromp's hands were bigger, his fingers thicker.

Pepper licked one. "Mmm. You make me think wicked things, lovely."

"Fun wicked, I hope." Tromp smiled. "Those are allowed. I want to be wicked with you."

"Mmm. Yes. Fun wicked, about your hands."

"They're too big. I can't do delicate work."

"You can do me." He rolled up, encouraging Tromp to touch too.

"I didn't hurt you last night," Tromp noted, as if talking to himself. The thick fingers stroked, then one eased into him. "You took all of my cock and wanted more."

"You didn't hurt me. You stretched me, filled me up. Made me need it."

Tromp groaned. "The things you say."

Still, Tromp pushed his finger in deeper, touching Pepper deep inside and he arched, loving that firm, solid touch. He had no problem with Tromp's big fingers. No problem at all. They were far better than his own would have been.

"More. More, Tromp." He needed. "I want it to be you, please." He could put on a show for Tromp some other time.

And Tromp's smile at his words made him glad to need, and to have been vocal about it. Another finger pushed in with the first, opening him farther. He arched, taking more, taking all Tromp offered. There was something about this man—a mixture between gentleness and power that was fascinating.

Tromp moved his fingers in and out, spreading them wide and pushing them deep. It felt amazing.

"More. More, Tromp. Please." Pepper had no problem begging.

His lover gave him more, giving him another finger, the three wide, but not thicker than Tromp's cock, and Pepper was anticipating that. Anticipating it? Hell, starving for it. Pepper intended to ride until he couldn't see.

He cried out when Tromp found his gland again, fingers bumping up against it. Tromp pushed against it several more times, lightning shooting up all

through him. No one had ever deliberately found it or stayed there, no one but Tromp.

“Tromp!” Pepper’s eyes rolled back and his heart clenched, the pleasure huge.

“I should keep going?” Tromp asked, not stopping, thank the goddess.

“Please. Please, lovely man. Please, don’t stop.”

“You think I’m lovely.”

He could hear the pleasure in Tromp’s voice before he was distracted again by another bump against his prostate. “I know you’re l-lovely. Again.”

“This?” Tromp knew exactly what Pepper was wanting, giving it to him nice and hard.

He loved that he could feel that strength, that Tromp let him have it. His voice caught, so he nodded, pleasure slamming along his spine. He writhed and shuddered, riding Tromp’s fingers, getting wild with it, riding fast and driving himself down harder.

It came as a shock when Tromp pulled his fingers all the way out, leaving him empty. Petting his stomach, Tromp soothed him. “No more fingers. Time for my cock.”

“Please!” He couldn’t stop moving, stop reaching for more. For the stretch.

Tromp leaned over him, knees spreading his legs. Then the thick, beautiful cock pushed against his hole, pushed into him. It was fat and hard and hot, spreading him so wide. Pepper gasped, head thrown back, throat working as he took it in.

Tromp keened. “Pepper. Pepper. So hot. And tight.” A low, gratifying moan sounded.

God, he hoped he was tight, as much as he was burning.

Tromp rocked his hips, thick erection filling Pepper so good. He could get used to this, to the incredible sensations Tromp shared with him. His eyes rolled as the heavy prick pierced him, pegged his gland. Tromp kept his thrusts right there, hitting that spot like it had a target on it.

Pepper called out, his human words lost in his need. Tromp met his cry with long, soft noises and a renewed vigor, thrusting in again and again. Pepper felt like he was afire, like he was a firework.

Tromp moved faster and a little harder, gaze holding his as the thrusts continued to fill him. He was nothing but need. Nothing at all.

It was a shock and yet exactly right when Tromp’s hand suddenly wrapped

around his cock.

“Tromp!” The sound filled the air.

Tromp squeezed his hand tight and began to stroke, the pleasure becoming even bigger. More. More. More.

Tromp’s thrusts got harder, stretching him wide with every slam into his body. Pepper grabbed his knees, yanked them up and open. Like that was what he was waiting for, Tromp pushed even harder, shifting and finding his gland. Over and over Tromp bumped up against it. Spunk leaked out of him, spurting with each slam in.

“Come for me, Pepper. Show me how good I make you feel.”

“Magic. You feel like magic, Tromp.” His belly was covered in tiny dribbles of spunk, then the main event happened, his body convulsing.

“Oh, Pepper!” Tromp came too, filling him with the most amazing heat. Then the big strong body lay down on him, each breath panting out of Tromp.

“Love how you spread me,” Pepper murmured, lazily running a hand along Tromp’s skin.

“I love that you love it.” Tromp grinned and rubbed their noses together.

They laughed together, then his belly rumbled. He was hungry.

Tromp’s eyes went wide and then he laughed again. “Would you like to have breakfast with me, Pepper?”

“I would love that, my lovely one.”

“Do you like greens? I have lots of salad. Lots and lots.”

“I do. I’ll need meat, but I know lots of vegetarians. I’ll get my protein elsewhere.”

“If... you come again, I’ll have meat for you,” Tromp offered.

“Oh, lovely, only if it doesn’t offend.” He thought he and Tromp could be something special. He took a long, slow kiss. “I would love for you to have me again and again and again.”

“It wouldn’t offend—it’s just not something I eat.” Tromp gave him a coy look, and it was adorable on the big man. “I would eat you, though. And I’d do it again and again and again.”

“Flirt.” They rubbed noses together once more, and Tromp dropped his eyes half-closed. Clearly the place where his horn would be in his other form was a sweet spot, so Pepper rubbed again.

“You’re going to make me need again if you keep that up.” It didn’t sound like Tromp was complaining about that.

“Mmmhmm.” He licked gently, purring as the heavy cock began to fill inside him.

Tromp gasped and shifted, slowly circling his hips. “I thought you were hungry?”

“Uh-huh.” Pepper licked again, then again.

“You’re going to eat me right up.” Again, Tromp was clearly not complaining. Laughing, Tromp nuzzled against him.

“Yummy, yummy.” How fun, to play, to tease.

“I never knew I had a taste for slinky kitty,” Tromp told him, eyes shining.

“No? I never hunted a rhinoceros before either.”

“You can hunt me every day of the week.”

Pepper thought he just might do that. He squeezed and Tromp moaned, then they laughed together. He just might do that after all.

After a long day at work, Tromp headed for the bar. He was meeting Pepper there and they would share a meal, a beer, and maybe a dance. He wasn’t so sure about the dance part. He lacked the grace Pepper had, and the last thing he wanted to do was step on his sexy lover.

He went in, looking hard to see if he could find Pepper. It took a minute to find him because goodness knew he didn’t see so well and there was only so much glasses could do. In the end, it was the scent that let him find Pepper, find his wanton lover.

Pepper was dancing on stage, finishing up his set, the slender body moving with that slinky grace that had first attracted him.

Tromp ordered a couple beers and settled in a booth that was close this time. It amazed him all over again that this beautiful man wanted him. Him. Not the other beautiful kitties or growly dogs, but him. The rhino.

Pepper caught sight of him, and he got a slow, sensuous smile, a nod. He nodded right back, smiling so wide it almost hurt. He couldn’t stop, though. Pepper made him happy somewhere deep inside.

The croc staring at Pepper from the next table, though, that made him less happy. He was pretty sure that was the same toothy bastard who’d accosted Pepper last night. Tromp felt a rumble building in his chest.

A pimp. That’s what that bastard was, and Pepper didn’t need him. Pepper didn’t want a pimp, either. Pepper wanted him. Tromp would have protected Pepper even if the last twenty-four hours hadn’t happened. He didn’t like it

when someone took advantage. But the last day *had* happened and that would make him fiercer than ever if Mr. Teeth tried anything with Pepper. Pepper belonged with him and he thought that he would follow Pepper anywhere.

He watched as Pepper finished up and slipped off the stage, headed right for him. He loved the sheen of sweat that covered Pepper's skin. He knew what that beautiful skin tasted like now, how Pepper's sweat salted the taste.

The croc grabbed Pepper's wrist as he went by and Tromp heard his lover's cry. He surged out of his seat, bumping into the table and shifting it. He didn't care, though, he needed to rescue Pepper.

"Let him go," he demanded.

The huge croc spun, Pepper slamming into the side of the stage. "Back off, mate."

Tromp immediately put himself between the croc and his lover. "You back off. He's not yours."

"I will tear your head off." The flash of teeth was immediately threatening.

Pepper snarled from behind Tromp. "You leave him alone, asshole."

Tromp reached back to pat at Pepper. He was tougher than he looked. And he looked plenty tough. "Make all the threats you want. I'm not afraid of you."

The blow was fast. He took it, then simply headbutted the living fuck out of the bastard. While the croc had teeth that were fucking scary to most, Tromp knew his skin was tough. Plus, he had the hardest head on the planet. Two shots to the croc's face and he'd broken the guy's nose, which was now bleeding profusely.

"Are we done?" he asked—he didn't want to fight. He didn't want to send the croc to the hospital. He wasn't violent. Unless he had to be, then he took care of business.

"You're done." A huge gorilla stood there, arms crossed. "Pepper, I've warned you about this nonsense. You draw the wrong types."

Pepper hung his head, clearly defeated.

"Just go. All three of you."

Tromp leapt immediately to Pepper's defense. "That's not fair. This guy is harassing Pepper, threatening him."

"Someone's always threatening him and this is a business. We'll talk tomorrow, kitty. Just take your tips and go, okay?"

"Yeah." Pepper grabbed the cash the bartender handed him and disappeared

into the back.

The croc was still growling and hissing low as they were shown out the back by the huge gorilla in his man form. Which was still pretty big and gorilla-y.

Tromp kept his eye on the asshole, not convinced the croc had learned his lesson yet. He had a feeling it would be very in character if this guy tried to jump him while he wasn't looking, and with that thought in mind, he didn't turn his back.

"You leave him alone." That was the message Tromp wanted to pound in.

"He'll be back. He'll be hungry and cold and he'll be back. I'll take my pound of flesh then, make him pay for his arrogance."

"You're the arrogant one. And he won't be back. Just make sure I never see your face again either." Tromp was nearly shaking, he was so full of adrenaline. He stormed away, his heart slamming in his chest.

Where would Pepper come out? He wanted to make sure Pepper was okay. Sure, he wanted more, but that was the most important thing—that Pepper wasn't hurt or upset or anything.

A touch to his shoulder had him spinning around, roaring in surprise. He'd been right about not turning his back on the croc.

"Just me!" It was Pepper standing there, a little tote bag in hand. "It's just me."

"Oh. Oh, I'm sorry." Tromp wrapped his arms around Pepper and hugged him tight. "You're all right?" He began running his hands along Pepper's body before even waiting for an answer.

"A little unemployed, but that's okay. You still want to get together, right? I have no plans."

"I want to get together a lot. And you can stay at my place. It's not fancy or anything as you know, but I want you to be at home there." It was sort of his fault that Pepper had been fired. He'd hit that man, hard. He wouldn't let Pepper go homeless and he wouldn't give that croc the opportunity to see Pepper come crawling back. There were no strings attached to his offering Pepper his home, either.

"I'm couch-surfing, saving money. I have quite a bit saved up..."

"You can surf my bed," he suggested, chuckling a little at himself.

Pepper took his hand. "Can we go, lovely? I don't want to be here anymore."

Tromp sobered immediately. "Of course. We'll go home and I'll feed you and bathe you and make love to you." He would make Pepper forget this evening had ever happened.

Pepper leaned in, kissed his cheek. "Please? I can't think of anything better."

He took Pepper's hand and led him to where he'd parked his truck.

They were almost there when someone shouted out to them. "Yo, sexy kitty, what're you doing with that clumsy oaf?"

Tromp's muscles tightened but he didn't say anything, didn't turn. He had no answer for the man; he didn't get it himself, but he knew not to question it when something wonderful came into his life.

Pepper smiled, looked over his shoulder. "Going home with my lover. My hero."

Pepper's words made him stand ten feet tall, and he squeezed Pepper's hand hard. There was a spring in his step now too. He was Pepper's hero, Pepper's lover.

"Take me home, lovely. I have a need with your name on it."

"And I have a name with your need on it." He blinked. Well. That's what he got for trying to be clever. "Um. Or something like that."

Pepper's laughter filled the air, and there wasn't a hint of mocking in it, just simple joy. Goddess above, he loved this man cat. His breath caught for a moment, the thought echoing around in his head. It felt true and right. He did love Pepper.

He smiled at his lover and pulled him over to the truck. Leaning Pepper against it, he pressed their bodies together and stole a kiss. Right there in the parking lot.

"Mmm." Pepper accepted it, pressing close, rubbing them together.

His cock went hard immediately, Pepper so sexy. So sweet and special. One kiss turned into a second and then a third.

"Here then, Tromp? Or can I just suck you now and then we'll head home?"

His eyes went wide at the idea. "Suck me now? Oh, I..." He looked around and frowned, shook his head. "No. I do, I want that, but you don't have to suck me in a parking lot. We have a home and that's what you deserve."

"I would love on you anywhere. Anywhere."

He beamed at Pepper. "Thank you. And it's tempting, but I don't want someone coming by and making fun of you or me." He took another kiss,

careful not to get so into it that he forgot where they were.

Then he let Pepper into the truck. Pepper reached for him when he got in on the driver's side, taking another kiss, this one needy, blistering. He kissed back, tugging Pepper against him, glad the truck had bench seats. Groaning, he grabbed Pepper's ass and squeezed.

Maybe being in the truck with the doors locked would be closer to home and farther away from parking lot to work for them both.

"Tromp." Pepper writhed, his kit near dancing for him.

He nodded. "Truck counts as home," he managed to get out, his fingers squeezing hard into Pepper's ass cheeks. He shifted slightly sideways and rubbed Pepper against him.

"Yes." Pepper tugged at his fly, eager for his prick. Eager for him.

It was an intoxicating feeling, being so wanted by Pepper. He helped, sucking his belly in so Pepper had room. Each touch of those slender fingers on his belly made him groan.

"Let me suck you," Pepper begged. "I want to."

He nodded this time. "I want your mouth." The proof of it was in the thick heat of his erection. And it pushed out into Pepper's hand when his lover drew his zipper down.

Pepper scooted back, wet heat surrounding the tip of his cock seconds later. Tromp cried out, bucking hard before putting his ass back in the seat and letting Pepper have his head. Pepper took him, pulling hard, eager instead of afraid, wanton instead of reluctant. It was even more intoxicating than it had been the first time when he'd been blown away just by Pepper not being intimidated by his size.

He moaned as Pepper's tongue slid over his flesh, adding another sensation to the suction. Warm fingers worked his balls, the touch hidden from his sight. He tried to spread his legs wider, but he was constricted by the fact they were in the front seat of his truck and his khakis were around his thighs. Still, that made it better, made it feel naughty, decadent.

He moaned as Pepper increased the suction, and he slid his hands through the beautiful long hair. It felt like the softest fur against his skin. Heat began to build between them, the burn making him ache. He moaned and groaned, his sounds filling the air, turning the cab of the truck into an audible jungle. Pepper's mouth stayed on his cock, making his skin shine.

When Pepper moaned, the sound vibrating around his cock, it sent a

shudder through him. He tugged a little harder at Pepper's hair, his toes curling. That made Pepper swallow hard, throat clenching around his cockhead.

"Pepper! Oh! Soon, soon." He felt that all the way to his toes.

Another swallow and it was all over, his balls releasing their seed. He shot hard and Pepper swallowed, taking it all in.

Whimpering softly, he stroked Pepper's hair again. Pepper moaned and kept sucking, the pressure gentle. Tromp leaned back, his head clunking against the window, but he didn't care. Pepper's mouth was pure magic.

He thought about telling Pepper to stop, but there was no way. This was too good. He rocked up slowly, as far as he could, pushing his cock deeper into Pepper's mouth. Goddess, inch by slow inch, Pepper took him in deep. Tromp's head rocked from side to side, little breathy moans that he couldn't possibly be making coming from his mouth. No one had ever done this for him. Not ever.

Even as crazy as Pepper made him, he wanted to return the favor. "Pepper. Your turn too." He had no idea how they were going to work it out, but it wasn't all about him. There were two of them here and he wasn't selfish.

Pepper's purring grew louder, needier, but the pressure never stopped. He was going to come again—Pepper's blow jobs amazing. He whimpered, hands tightening in Pepper's hair. As soon as he could think again, he'd make Pepper shoot so hard. Until then, he'd enjoy the ride. He kept his eyes open, watching Pepper bob his head, incredible sensations matching the movements.

Soft fingertips brushed his balls, the touches featherlight.

He gasped, his toes curling. "Pepper. Pepper. Please."

Pepper swallowed hard, the pressure near unbearable. He took in one gasping breath after another, and then he came again, so soon and yet just as hard, his cry echoing through the truck.

"Sweet. Sweet Pepper." He closed his eyes and cried out as yet more spunk spilled from his cock into Pepper's mouth.

His sexy kitty cleaned him up, then leaned back, lips fuck swollen and red. "Good?"

"So good. Unbelievably good."

Pepper leaned against him. "Take me home, lovely?"

He nodded. "To our home. Mine *and* yours."

“Yes?” Pepper’s fingers slid up along his arm. “You’re sure?”

“I’m sure.” He touched Pepper’s cheek. “I’m sure that I love you.”

“Already? Really?” Pepper pushed into his touch.

“I think I’ve been waiting for you for a very long time,” he admitted. He’d been ready to love and had just needed the right man.

“And I didn’t know I was supposed to find you, so you found me.”

“As long as we have each other now, it doesn’t matter how it happened.”

Tromp was just happy for Pepper being with him now.

“No. No, it doesn’t. We’ll call it magic.” Pepper beamed at him.

Tromp snorted and bobbed his head, starting the truck. It didn’t matter what they called it, all magical fairy tales ended with ‘and they lived happily ever after’.

End.